

THE MESSAGE.

The president's message to Congress is a voluminous document and contains nothing of marked significance. He defends the tariff on one hand and free trade in the guise of reciprocity on the other. As a matter of course he is opposed to the free coinage of silver, but expresses himself as in favor of bi-metalism. He assumes that under existing laws a parity can be maintained between silver and gold, in which he is doubtless correct, as the system places silver on a gold basis. As a straddle on the questions of tariff and coinage the message may be taken as a faithful reflex of the existing chaos in the present status of old party thought. The advocacy of a high tariff and reciprocal free trade, together with opposition to free coinage as an argument in favor of bi-metalism, while displaying considerable ingenuity, will not be likely to deceive any honest advocate of tariff reform or free silver. That kind of bi-metalism that does not provide for absolute free coinage is a delusion and a snare.

UNDER our plutocratic system of finance the government loans its credit to the banks and pays them interest on the loan. The banks loan their credit to the people and charge them interest on the loan. In both cases the people foot all the bills and the banks reap all the benefits.

AN OPEN LETTER TO HON. (?) J. G. WOOD.
Hon. J. G. Wood, Topeka, Kansas:

MY DEAR SIR:—In the Topeka *Capital* of Nov. 29, I noticed an "open letter to Senator Peffer," of which you were the author. I could not help but think, as I was perusing the lines and digesting the open, manly, gentlemanly sentiment you expressed towards an old friend and neighbor, of what a ponderous intellect it must have required to show at such great length the faith that this man Peffer should pursue—this man whose utterances in a political way you and I have often cheered, and the emanations from whose pen we have read with more than pleasure, so long as his mind ran in the channel that the great and glorious crowd of which we are proud to be members had laid down as the gauntlet that kept all men in, and to break through which was the signal for hounds to be turned loose, under the dictation of their masters, and shatter whatever glory any individual may have attained by his display of mental courage in the face of the villains who would pursue him to the death.

You and I are such men of prominence in Kansas, my dear friend Wood, that of course the whole world is aching to have us give ventilation to our ideas of principle every little while; and our "open letters" are so full of thought, and so vivid with the flashings of honor and intelligence that no one can say our light is hidden under a half bushel; indeed, we cast such a halo of refined sentiment about us that the whole world must ere this have become cognizant of our meteoric splendor. And Kansas has been subjected to an affront which she will never recover, in the election of Peffer, so we must write about him. Our state is certainly in a bad fix. This man Peffer must be sat down upon, friend Wood, and that very hard. In fact, the whole anatomy of the "machine" must be brought down on him like a pile driver. Yes, sir.

I tell you, Wood, go in, take off your shirt, and belittle the man, and hold him

up as an object of public derision, to be laughed at and scorned by the people he was elected to represent, and the rest of us will sit back and clap our hands and yell "bully boy." He represents nothing, anyhow; he is merely at Washington foot-loose and alone, never having received the fairest election of any Senator from Kansas; the ticket being the principles on which he was elected received a much larger vote than the prohibition amendment in Kansas, but then that's different; prohibition represents something, but Peffer doesn't,—and we must down him at all hazards. We can't have a man in our national legislature who will dare to say to the common people, "I am with you." His influence, if he has any at all, must be spat upon and so shattered that it will prove of no effect; now that he has got into a public position where, he, might be of service to us, we other Kansas men might help him to accomplish much good for our state, and encourage him to renowned efforts in behalf of the people, but no, sir; we don't propose to do it. Peffer let the wind get under his hat, and it blew some ideas into his head that are distasteful to us who run the "machine." We don't care so much for ourselves, but the "dear people" must not be deluded into doing anything but what we tell them.

Pardon the digression, my dear friend Wood, but let's see what sort of a character this man Peffer is, anyway. Up to a couple of years ago the men who run the "machine" were always glad to have Peffer go out on the stump during the campaigns, and tell the people how glorious it was to hang on to the tail end of the procession while the "machine" was headed by the few, who always carried the banners. That was bad: we fellows ought to have known better than to send such a man as Peffer out to talk to the faithful, and try to make converts, but then he was a sort of a smooth talker, and we used to gather in crowds at his meetings and sit around and clap our hands and yell whenever he said anything that would clinch the argument against the other fellows. We could even tolerate him at times long enough to let him at times go into the eastern states and speak in the interests of our grand old party. But now he must be muzzled. Why, some of our boys even permitted themselves to associate with this "wandering vagabond," as the Republican State League, which promulgates our sentiment, designates him, during the war of the rebellion, and allowed him to do what he could in the ranks to save our union; but then that couldn't be helped and we had to pick up most anybody who was willing to be shot at for \$13.00 a month, paid in currency which the goldbugs had depreciated until the boys got about \$7.80, and which deficiency our "machine" has steadfastly refused to make up to them, while they have paid the bondholders dollar for dollar. Why, just think of it, my dear friend, Wood! Even that majestic individual, that man of grand impulse and noble principles, who was kicking over the traces along in the 70s while Peffer was being permitted to help save the "machine" to the "boys,"—I mean that truthful and honorable gentleman, Joe K. Hudson, who is so well known for his veracity and unselfish purposes. Why, dear man, the Major so far forgot himself as to permit this man Peffer to write a few articles for his paper, the *Capital* and then when some brilliant effusion was evolved from that most reprehensible and totally depraved mind of Peffer's, the Major would in a day or two himself pen an article as to the effect of the *Capital's* editorials on certain questions of public import,

and would pat this diabolical scoundrel Peffer on the back with his pen, and say to the world that he was a profaned thinker on matters of public policy, and one of the best writers and most thorough statisticians in the west. Why, the Major must have been crazy when he urged this Peffer for the position of secretary of our State Board of Agriculture, and came near throwing this howling wolf right into the midst of the innocent lambs who now compose our state household. Peffer isn't a profound student of economic matters any more, unless he figures in our interest.

How good it is, my dear friend, Wood, and how thankful the nation ought to be, that such men as you and I have been spared to point out this abominable wretch, Peffer, in his true colors to his constituency, and heap opprobrium on his head until he will go and hide it for very shame under the shadows of our magnificence. Had he not behaved in such an unbecoming manner and betrayed our confidence as neighbors, we would think of the interests of our state long enough to point out to him in a friendly way wherein he might be of service to us, and offer him the encouragement of our good counsel, but now—no, never! The state can go to the dogs, and our people and all our interests to the demnition bow wows, but this man Peffer must be squelched in whatever influence he might be able to bring to bear in our interests. We must stigmatize his every utterance as the rantings of a raving maniac, whether he tells the truth or not. We must meet his arguments with hoots of derision, no matter how near he comes hitting the nail on the head, in place of presenting our proof to refute them. We know we have to stand him for six years, unless an all-wise providence intervenes, but we must clip his wings, so that his every effort, no matter how good, will be futile. We are bound that Peffer shall get no glory from his tenure of office and efforts to help us. The people of Kansas are so incensed against him, in fact, that they wouldn't even permit any bill of Peffer's that would directly benefit every man in the state to go into effect.

A few words more, my good friend, and I am done. You speak of the "Millionaire's Grand March," to be written by Eugene Ware. I know that several poets, as well as prose writers, within the borders of our fair state aspire to fame, and they think that through the satire of their iron quills (no pun intended) they will attain the sentiment of their desires.

A few days ago I saw a little couplet in the Kansas City *Star* from one of the poets of Kansas, who is reputed to be of considerable ability; in fact it was no other than the Hon. Eugene Ware, who, as one of the managers of the "machine," has been permitted to achieve some prominence as a politician, and who is generally regarded as a man of high and honest purposes and noble sentiment.

The lines were as follows:

When I was young we called it "hell," and mentioned it with fears;
Then changed the name to "hades," then "sheol," now in tears,
We've got another, newer name. It's Peffer-for-six-years."

Whereupon another gentleman of noble sentiment and a poetical turn of mind suggested that the sentiments were not complete, and forthwith penned the following:

Yes, once we called it "hell," and thought of it with pain;
The modern article's just as bad—a "Republican campaign."
If six years to a decent man casts o'er you such a spell,
My friends, decidedly at present you certainly are in "—H."

"But man proposes, and God disposes,"

as you say, my dear friend, and I will leave you to go off alone and search the innermost recesses of your own conscience, and see if you can find there room enough for a new idea, or an open, manly expression towards a kind neighbor and a true friend, who is far above attempting to belittle his fellow men in their efforts to do good, and who has never been known to lift a hand to detract from the influence that any man is justly entitled to wield.

FELIX GARDNER.

Topeka, Kan., Dec. 15, 1891.

A Legislative Indorsement.

A law was passed last winter in Minnesota, affecting the sale of alum baking powders. The interest excited by the bill when proposed led to a long and thorough investigation by a legislative committee of the qualities of all the baking powders sold in that state, with the result that the Royal was shown by very positive evidence from the state chemist, Dr. Drew, and others to be the purest, strongest and in all respects the best baking powder in the market.

WORDS OF CHEER.

The Secretary of Washington State Alliance Sends a Cordial Greeting to Friends and Co-Workers in Kansas.
To the Editor of THE ADVOCATE.

Hope to gain access to your valuable columns for a few words to my old friends in the Jayhawker state. In looking over various reports, I find that Kansas has become an advanced state in this struggle for liberty, which fact I am glad to note. Here let me say hurrah for Kansas and all other states which have the moral courage to stand for principles and demand their liberation from the oppressive bondage of Shylock. While we rejoice in the bravery of sister states, we are glad to say that this, the infant state, which bears the patriotic name of Washington, will enter into her first presidential campaign in '92. We are proud to state that her banner is unfurled and the inscription thereon is liberty or death. We are well equipped for the conflict except money. We have true men, tried men, brainy men, but alas, that one thing needful is the property of the enemy, although it was produced by our hard earnings. We enter the field of conflict with as brave a lot of men as ever marched under the canopy of heaven. Our eyes are set on justice and we know no surrender. Victory alone shall crown our efforts. We who crossed the rugged Rockies, endured the privations of a frontier life, stood off the redskins and mastered the wilds of the west, made beautiful homes in a fruitful land, built great cities where only a few years ago stood the wigwam of the red man, are now confronted with protected capital, which says to us, "Surrender all to us, and you and your posterity serve us as bonded slaves." Alas, this is too much. The cry of freedom has gone up and is being posted along the line. The watchman on the watch tower has said to us, "Fall in line and do as did Kansas. Shoot ballots, which are as poison arrows to the Demo-Republican party when handled by men with pure motives. We have thrown down the gloves and intend to handle live issues bare handed, and in 1892 Washington will for the first time enter the presidential contest and roll up a rousing majority for that candidate who is pledged to work for the enactment into laws the demands of the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union. Count on us, for we are in it this time and have come to stay until equal justice is dealt out to all and special privileges to none.

T. H. BURKE.

Spokane, Wash., Dec. 3, 1891.
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